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The Deal

By Ziel.

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Zeke's eyes scanned the page of the musty old tome he had found amongst his grandfather's belongings. He couldn't believe he was actually considering going through with the ritual. For starters, he wasn't even sure what it did! All the notes scrawled on the sides of the pages by his grandfather said that it was designed to "double one's endowments". Of course, Zeke took that to mean it would double the size of his already respectable member. Zeke was proud of his solid six inches, but what guy didn't dream of having a full footlong in their pants?

There was another minor issue though. Zeke was 98% sure that the ritual the old book listed was nothing more than a work of fantasy and not something he could actually complete, but there was this nagging thought in the back of his mind. What if, just what if... it was actually true? One thing was for

sure, though. There was very little to lose by trying, and quite a bit to gain!

Zeke arranged the candles and placed the reagents on the table. This whole ritual looked and sounded like something out of a creepy horror movie. Eye of newt? He was hoping to expand his dong, not make a poison apple for Snow White! But he shrugged off the clichédness of the recipe and went to work saying the words.

“Klatu.... Verata... Niktu!” Zeke recited aloud as he made the necessary gestures and hand waves.

Zeke was in for quite a shock, and not for the reasons he was expected. No sooner was the last word out of his mouth than the candles all erupted in bright green light! The once dim little flames grew into towering infernos of fel light!

Smoke filled the room and a loud, rumbling voice filled the air. “You dare summon me!?” The voice bellowed.

“Summon!? Who summoned!?” Zeke squeaked in shock.

The disembodied voice chuckled demonically, “You cast the spell without even knowing what it does? How amusing.”

“Uh... yes? Something like that?” Zeke replied nervously.

“And just what were you expecting this spell to do?” The voice pried.

Zeke mumbled something inaudibly and shifted nervously where he sat.

“A little louder this time,” The voice said.

“I wanted it to double my junk,” Zeke grumbled.

The voice let out a booming laugh which echoed through the room. When the laughter finally died down the voice managed to say, “Well, while this is certainly within my power to do so, I don’t see what’s in it for me?”

“For you?” Zeke asked skeptically.

“You don’t expect me to do something out of the kindness of my heart, do you?” The voice asked sinisterly.

“No... I suppose not...” Zeke replied sullenly.

“Don’t sound so bummed out. I think you’ll find me to be pretty easy to get along with. I’d be willing to do what you ask, but I need just one thing from you first,” The voice explained.

“And that is?” Zeke asked.

“Your body,” the voice said.

“Like... in a sex way?” Zeke asked.

The disembodied voice had no face nor eyes, but Zeke could swear he could actually hear the voice rolling its eyes. “You humans are so quick to jump to sex,” the voice said.

“Well what else would you mean?” Zeke asked.

“I see I’m going to have to spell it out for you,” The voice said with a tone of audible annoyance. “I am exactly what you see before you.”

“All I see is smoke,” Zeke cut in.

“Yes. I have no form of my own,” The voice concurred irritably.

“Right.” Zeke agreed.

“Just for a while, I would like to see what it is like to have a body of my own. While I am in your body I can make changes that you may like, and once I am done all changes I make are yours to keep,” the voice explained.

“And you swear to give me back my body?” Zeke asked.

“Yes,” the voice agreed.

“So, like... how does this work? How long will you stay?” Zeke asked.

“You ask a lot of questions for someone who didn’t even read the spell you were trying to cast,” the voice grumbled.

“This is my body we’re talking about! I gotta be sure I get it back in one piece!” Zeke exclaimed.

“Fine... I will use your body for only a few hours, and I will allow you to choose which changes

you want to keep. Is that fine with you?" The voice replied testily.

"Fine, fine. I guess that would be alright... but uh... what do I call you?" Zeke asked.

"What do you call me?" The voice was replied, clearly taken aback.

"Yeah. Like, do you have a name?" Zeke asked.

"I do not." The voice replied.

"Well, that sucks. How about Jacques?" Zeke said.

"J-Jacques!?" The voice sputtered.

"Yeah. You seem kinda stuck up, and that's the first name that came to mind," Zeke explained.

"Fine. If it suits your purposes, you may call me Jacques," the voice grumbled although it seemed surprisingly less annoyed than Zeke expected. It seemed almost as though it was trying to hide the fact that it was amused.

"Very well, Jacques. I agree to let you use my body for no more than two hours. While you are in here, you have to agree to certain rules," Zeke stated.

"And those are?" Jacques asked.

"No killing anything. No eating anyone. No grievous bodily harm to anyone. Stuff like that," Zeke explained.

“... You seem to have a very strange idea of what kind of creature I am...” Jacques replied.

“Hey. Gotta cover my bases. Gotta be sure you’re not some cannibalistic rage phantom or something,” Zeke explained.

“Fine. I agree not to grievously maim anything during my stay. That satisfy you?” Jacques asked.

“Yeah... I think so... So how do we do this?” Zeke said.

“We? You do nothing. Just sit back and let me in,” Jacques explained.

Zeke was about to make another comment but no sooner had he opened his mouth than the smoke that filled the room flooded into his mouth and filled his lungs. He felt like he was suffocating, but it wasn’t just his lungs that cried out for air. It was as if his entire being was being stifled. His very bones and sinew were being saturated with smoke. Even his thoughts were clouding.

“W-what the hell!?” Zeke sputtered, but Jacques was uninterested in replying.

“Hehe. Yes. So this is what it feels like,” Came Jacques voice, but he was using Zeke’s mouth to say it. Zeke was little more than a passenger in his own body as Jacques steadily took control. Zeke could only sit back and watch as his body moved as if of its own volition. Zeke’s body stretched and flexed as its new occupant got used to the ins and outs.

"I see now why you were looking to increase your assets," Jacques said with a chuckle.

"H-hey! I have you know I'm above average!" Zeke retorted.

"Hmph. Humans. Such pathetic ideas of what real size is," Jacques grumbled.

"What's that supposed to mean!?" Zeke shot back.

"Silence! Just watch," Jacques growled.

Zeke was so taken aback by the sudden outburst that he was actually speechless if even for just a moment, but before he could regain his composure he was left stupefied for another reason altogether. He could feel something happening in his body. It was as if his entire power was surging with energy. It felt as if all of his muscles were flexing as hard as they could all at once. He had never felt such power before, such strength. The feeling of power surging through him left him craving more.

"Don't worry. There's plenty more where that came from," Jacques said as if in reply to Zeke's thoughts. Zeke was shocked, but he was not about to question it. The feeling of raw strength that coursed through him was intoxicating, and it was only getting stronger.

Zeke would have been happy with just the feeling of strength, but it soon became apparent that there was more going on in his body than just

sensations. He soon found that he filled out his formerly loose t-shirt and that his shorts wrapped snug around his thighs. It quickly became apparent that his body was expanding! But he wasn't just growing upward. Even after just a moment into the process, Zeke could tell that he was packing on muscle. His newly formed pecs pressed against the front of his shirt. His recently enhanced biceps strained against the short sleeves of his shirt. His swelling quads stretched his shorts legs to their limit and then some. His clothes groaned and strained under the onslaught of his swelling physique. At the rate things were going he'd soon completely outgrow his garments, but Zeke didn't mind one bit. The feeling of raw strength that coursed through him was intoxicating, and he couldn't deny how hot his body was becoming. He had always longed for a little more muscle, but he had long since resigned himself to a life as a scrawny wimp. Now it seemed like his wildest dreams were coming true and then some! Already his pecs strained so hard against the front of his shirt that he could see the very shape and size of them struggling against the fabric of his t-shirt. The way his shirt groaned against his swelling pecs made it seem like it could snap at any second, but for the time being it held strong against his swelling body.

Zeke stared down in awe at his growing body. His clothes were holding their ground for now, but even with the fabric still covering him, it was plain to see he was getting absolutely massive. His shirt was looking more and more like a crop top with each passing second. Already most of his abs were openly

on display, and he actually had abs to display now! Each individual abdominal muscle bulged out. Each individual ab was as thick as a softball and still growing. The grooves between his abs were so deep he could lose a quarter between them, and still they were still growing. It wasn't just the muscles above the belt that were growing either. His quads were already as thick fire hydrants. His calves bulged like footballs.

As Zeke's mass continued to bulk up, his clothes began to lose the battle against his own brawn. His shirt was the first to start to pop and fray. As his delts swelled up larger and larger, the shoulders of the shirt were no longer able to hold together. The seams snapped. The stitches popped. Large swaths of flesh began to show through as the sleeves pulled farther and farther away from the torso of the shirt, but that was only the tip of the iceberg. Soon his pecs were simply so huge that his shirt had no way of holding them back. His shirt began to shred along the center starting right at the lowest point of the V of his neckline. In no time at all his shirt shredded right down the middle leaving his burly pecs and deeply-etched abs openly on display. What was left of his shirt was little more than an open front vest with some short sleeves that were no longer even attached to the shirt itself, but those sleeves weren't long for this world. His bulging biceps saw to that. Soon his sleeves went the way of his t-shirt and began to shred right up the center as both his biceps and triceps bulged outwards. Eventually even the vest that was once his shirt was no longer a match for his swelling back. His flared out lats pulled the already ravaged fabric to its limits and then

some. Soon his vest split down the back as well and fell to the floor as tatters.

His shirt was completely destroyed by his swelling mass, but that wasn't to say that his shorts were faring much better. Even as his shirt began to shred, his shorts were already reaching their limits as well. The tearing started along the seams along the sides of his shorts. The seams began to pop and fray as they steadily lost their battle with the swelling bulk of Zeke's enormous, muscular quads and thick, sculpted glutes. As his quads and ass grew larger and thicker, the stitching pulled farther and farther apart revealing more and more of the bare skin beneath. Soon his shorts shredded right up the sides leaving him with little more than a loincloth to cover the saucy bits. His loincloth held for a moment, but soon his growth became more than the waistband could hold. Already his waistband was digging into his sides so hard that it was starting to leave a mark, but it wasn't long before the elastic gave out completely. The waistband snapped like an overstressed rubber band, allowing the tattered rags of his shorts to drift to the floor.

Zeke was left completely nude. On one hand he was in the comfort of his own home, but on the other hand he had a stranger in there – in *him* – with him. His hands instinctively went to cover his newly exposed crotch, but his co-pilot was quick to stop him.

“So, this is a human cock,” Jacques said with a wry chuckle.

Zeke could feel himself blushing bright red. Sure, he had wanted to add some inches to his package, but he never thought of himself as small before. Wishing for a bigger cock was just part of the human experience. Although he had to admit... with all the added muscle he had suddenly packed on, his above-average pecker was looking pretty puny sandwiched in between two oak-tree-thick thighs.

“Oh, don’t worry. I have plans for you,” Jacques said with another chuckle.

Zeke was curious, but he didn’t dare press the issue. On one hand he was worried about what his co-pilot might have in mind. Already Jacques had proven to have a very different idea of huge than what Zeke had in mind. After all, Zeke was now a solid wall of muscle. He now stood so tall that he had to hunch over to avoid hitting his head on the roof of the garage where he had conducted his summoning, and he was still growing! If things didn’t dial back soon, he’d soon outgrow the garage much the same way he had outgrown his entire wardrobe! The worst part was? Part of his was kind of excited. He had never felt so powerful before. He had never imagined himself having such a godly physique, but now that he had it, he never wanted to go back. He was loving every second of his newfound form, and if Jacques had half a mind to increase his cock to similar levels, Zeke had half a mind to let him!

Zeke stared on in awe as his cock began to steadily grow and swell much the way the rest of his

body had done moments before. His cock was quickly making up for lost time. His dick was actually growing so fast that Zeke completely forgot the rest of him was still growing too. Soon his formerly ping pong ball sized nuts swelled in size until they rivaled the size of grapefruits. They sagged and hung so heavily in their sack that they reached halfway down his thigh. Soon his formerly slightly above average cock was huge enough to belong to a porn star, and it was still growing! It wasn't long before his dick was as thick as his forearm. The huge, meaty member dangled down past his knee and it was still growing.

Zeke was shocked. He knew Jacques was obsessed with huge in a way that Zeke himself had never imagined, but this was incredible! Zeke had never in his wildest dreams imagined owning a cock as massive as the one the now dangled between his thick, swole, thighs. His cock was quickly becoming a third leg! It was hastily approaching the thickness of his own meaty quads and would soon rival his leg for length. His hefty nuts hung so low that they reached down nearly to his shins, but the weirdest part was that Zeke didn't want it to stop there. He wanted to see just how far Jacques could take things.

As much as Zeke wanted to watch and see how far Jacques could and would take things, there was another pressing issue that demanded his attention. He was still growing! Already he had to kneel down to fit into his garage, and at the rate things were going he'd soon bust through the ceiling even while sitting! Already the plaster strained and cracked

against his swelling brawn. Zeke knew he had to act fast.

Zeke had to fight for control of his body long enough to reach a hand over and slap the garage door button. The telltale mechanical whirr of the door opening alerted him to his success before he could even see the sunlight poking through from beneath the doorway. As soon as the door was all the way open Zeke shimmied his way through the tiny opening and out into the late afternoon sun. When he stood up to his full height he was shocked to see that he now rivaled his own house for height! The front awning only came up to his midriff, and the second-floor windows were even with his pecs! He was massive!

Something about seeing how tiny the world was around him stirred something to life inside of Zeke. At first, he had been curious about his growth from a purely muscular standpoint, but he had had very little to compare himself to inside of the cramped garage. Now he was out in the open and could see that his nuts, which now nearly rested solidly on the ground, were almost as large as the family sedan! His cock was looking to be as big as a city bus! Seeing how huge he had become caused his already massive cock to stir to life. As his enormous cock hardened it grew and grew some more. Soon his rigid cock stood in its full upright and locked position. Even at the angle it jutted out in front of him at, he could see the beast was almost as long as he was tall, but Jacques wasn't done with Zeke's dick just yet.

“Oh, that’s right,” Jacques said with a devious chuckle. “You said you wanted me to ‘double your junk’. Isn’t that right?”

“whuh?” was all Zeke managed to say in reply. He was too baffled and too horny to formulate even a single full word. His cock had already more than doubled in size since he had started, and now Jacques wanted to double it? But the truth steadily became apparent. Jacques had a very different idea of what doubling meant.

At first Zeke thought that Jacques was just making his already immense cock even fatter. After all, Zeke’s dick didn’t appear to be getting any longer, but it sure was getting wider! But soon things started to take a turn for the bizarre – even compared to the day’s previous events. As his dick became wider and wider, the tip of his cock looked like it had two slits to it, and the slits were getting wider apart! Soon it became clear that his dick didn’t just have two slits, it actually had two, puffy heads! Looking down his double-wide cock, Zeke could see that it wasn’t just the heads that had doubled. He looked like he had two cocks side by side wrapped up inside the same layer of skin. His pair of Siamese cocks looked almost like the popsicles which had the two sticks sticking into it, but that didn’t last for long. As his cocks spread further and further apart, the thin band of skin which bound them together pulled apart as well. Both cocks were soon fully formed and separate from one another with not so much as a blemish to show where they had once been conjoined.

Zeke stared on in awe at his twin towering spires. They were so huge, so massive, so damn hot that he couldn't keep his hands off of them. He was so fixated on his cocks that he couldn't even think about his nuts, but if he had taken a moment to glance below, he might have noticed that it wasn't just his cock which had doubled. The same sort of erotic mitosis which had split his one massive cock into two enormous dicks had also worked on his nuts as well. His ball sack was packed to the brim with four fully formed nuts, each one at least as large as a family car.

"So close..." Jacques cackled with glee. Zeke wasn't sure what Jacques meant. Zeke's body now loomed over his own house. Did Jacques plan on making him even larger? But the truth was like nothing Zeke could have expected. The first thing Zeke noticed was two nubs forming on his back. The nubs were like nothing he had ever felt before. He found that he could control them, albeit only slightly. He could rotate them like he would his shoulders, but that about it. But as the mounds took shape he soon realized that he felt like he had two new arms sprouting from his back. He could feel the joints and move them. He could bend the new limbs at what he assumed to be the elbows, but when he glanced over his shoulder, he found that the truth was something else entirely. He had wings! They were small still but growing by the second. He had two, growing, bat-like wings! Soon his wings were so large that they could wrap around his body like some kind of macabre cloak, but that wasn't even the end of the changes.

Zeke felt another nub forming at the base of his spine right at the end of his tailbone. It didn't take him long to put that one together. He was growing a tail as well? He reached back and felt the extremity and sure enough he found a growing snakelike tail sprouting from his backside. Zeke was sure that things couldn't get any weirder, but this was only the tip of the iceberg.

Two more mounds formed under his arms. As these mounds stretched and took form, Zeke found that he could move these much like the wings that had just taken form on his back, but these were no wings. These were an extra set of arms! He now had two sets of arms to go with his two cocks and four balls.

"Now for the finishing touch," Jacques announced.

Zeke didn't have time to ask what was next nor did he want to. He felt the next nubs form instantly, but this time, the nubs remained nubs. Two, small horns appeared on his forehead.

"Yesss," Jacques hissed with glee. "Now *this* is a body fit for a demon lord," He boasted.

Somehow that managed to snap Zeke out of his trance. "D-demon!?" He yelped.

"Of course. What did you think you summoned? The tooth fairy?" Jacques replied with a sneer.

"I suppose not, but still... a demon?" Zeke muttered.

"You really didn't read any of the fine print, did you?" Jacques said with a sigh.

"So, are you really a demon lord?" Zeke asked.

"Not yet, but now that I have a form I already outclass most minor demons. It's only a matter of time before I take my rightful place," Jacques gloated.

"Yeah... about that... You've got like half an hour," Zeke replied.

"Foolish mortal. The time I have left in your body may be fleeting, but now that I have attained a form, I can take it on at will," Jacques explained.

"As long as you can do it without my body," Zeke replied.

Jacques seemed like he was about to say something, but he didn't get the chance. The duo was interrupted by a third voice, "Z-Zeke!? What the hell, dude!?"

Zeke glanced down to see the source of the voice. There, getting out of his car was Zeke's best bud, Drake. Zeke had always thought Drake was kinda cute, but seeing him now, Drake was absolutely tiny! He barely reached halfway up Zeke's shin. Somehow the sheer size disparity between them made Zeke even hornier than he had already been. His already rock-hard cocks gave a lurch of delight at the tiny dude which now stood gawking up at him.

“So, you have a crush on this guy,” Jacques commented casually.

“D-don’t say it like that!” Zeke sputtered.

“How else should I say it? I can feel your heart pounding. I can feel your cocks throbbing. They feel so good, and you haven’t even used them yet,” Jacques commented and reached down with all four arms to stroke Zeke’s massive cocks. “Oh yes... That does feel good. I see now why you humans are so fond of sex.”

“Uh, dude? Why are you talking to yourself?” Drake asked.

“Oh, uh... that’s just Jacques. He’s a demon I may have accidentally on purpose let into my body for a while,” Zeke explained.

“You did WHAT!?” Drake shouted.

“Hey, it’s ok. He’s pretty chill... Maybe a bit bitchy and a lot high and mighty, but he’s pretty chill,” Zeke explained.

“You there! Service my cocks!” Jacques barked at Drake.

“You can’t just say stuff like that!” Zeke shouted.

“Why not? If I am to be a demon lord, it’s my place to order the lesser beings around, and besides, he looks like he wants to do it anyway,” Jacques explained.

Zeke glanced down at his buddy, and to his surprise, Drake was standing there staring up in awe while stroking the bulge in the front of his shorts. Zeke could even see a wet splotch forming where pre had seeped through. Drake looked even hornier than Zeke felt!

While Zeke was busy eyeing his friend, Zeke's body was on the move. Jacques had control and was sitting down. Once he was in position he reached down and pushed one of Zeke's massive cocks downward so that it was aimed directly at Drake's face.

"Now suck my cock. That is what you humans do, isn't it?" Jacques said.

Drake was not about to deny such a request from such an amazingly hot titan. He was already hornier than he had ever been in his life just seeing the titan and his twin cocks looming before him. Now that he had one of the titan's colossal cocks aimed right at his face, Drake was even less able to resist. He took a step forward and placed his hands against the massive cockhead which dwarfed his whole body. It was amazingly soft and warm to the touch. Just feeling that soft spongy cock head against the palms of his hands made him even hornier, and that was saying nothing about the smell of the titan's pre which now flowed freely from the massive slit of the colossal cock. The slit of that enormous dick was so huge that it was even larger than larger than Drake's head. He could bury his

whole face in there and then some if he wanted, and strangely enough, he did want it!

Drake leaned in and nuzzled his face against the slit of the titan's massive cock. Pre drenched his face and flowed freely into his mouth. He could taste the stuff wash past his taste buds and down his throat. The warmth of the titanic cock and the watery pre were strangely both soothing and arousing. Drake couldn't even hope to keep his own cock in his pants with such an intensely orgasmic scenario unfolding around him. He took a step back and quickly began to peel off his own clothes. He didn't care that he was in the middle of the street on an afternoon when and where people could see him. All he wanted to do was experience more of that godly cock with his whole body if he could.

"Hehe. I like you down there, little slave," Jacques chuckled.

Zeke knew he should speak up, but watching Drake disrobe and return to the fray with renewed gusto drove him so wild all he wanted to do was enjoy the view some more.

"That's right. Just sit there and watch," Jacques chided.

Zeke couldn't do anything other than what he was told. What else could he do? He never would have had to balls to go through with something like this on his own and watching Drake lick and suck on the tip of his cock was so amazing, and that was saying nothing

of the feeling! His cock was so sensitive he could feel each and every tiny nibble and suckle that his tiny friend was giving to his cock head.

Zeke was so hot and bothered that he couldn't keep his hands to himself, but he didn't dare touch Drake. Drake was just too tiny. What if he hurt him? Zeke could never live with himself if that happened.

"Such a coward," Jacques teased. He then reached down and lifted Zeke's other cock up to Zeke's lips. "Just suck on this if it will make you feel better," he said.

Zeke did as he was told. He was so horny that it almost didn't register that it was his own cock he was sucking until his lips reached the tip. As soon as he felt his own mouth on his cock it snapped him somewhat back to reality, but only for a second. During that time, Zeke became aware that his house looked even smaller than it had before. Was he still growing? Zeke was sure Jacques had stopped the growth earlier. This new growth spurt must have been a recent occurrence, but then why had Jacques added even more size to Zeke's already titanic form.

Jacques pulled Zeke's cock out of their shared mouth for a moment to chime in. "I'll answer your question in just a moment," he said cryptically. Jacques then reached down and pressed his fingertips against Drake's back and slowly began to push Drake into Zeke's cock.

Zeke couldn't believe what he was experiencing. He could actually feel his friend sliding ever so slightly into his cock. He had grown so huge that his best bud could actually fit inside of one of his massive dicks. The sheer thought of it sent a shudder of bliss down Zeke's spine and through both of his cocks. Drake was already buried up to his chest into Zeke's cock, and soon he'd be waist deep. Some part of Zeke's rational mind knew he should stop this, but he was powerless to do so. It wasn't so much that he couldn't overpower Jacques. Zeke couldn't overpower himself! The part of him that wanted to see how far this could go was overpowering his rational mind. Soon Drake was so deep in Zeke's cock that Zeke could actually feel Drake's hard-on pressing against the tip of his massive, pre-drooling cock.

It was at this point that something strange happened. Zeke's entire body felt like it was exhaling. His very cells felt like they were breathing out a deep sigh. At first, he was confused about what was happening, but as soon as he saw the black smoke billowing out from his very pores he knew what had happened.

"It seems my time is up..." Jacques said with a sigh.

"B-but. There's no way that was the entire time we agreed upon," Zeke sputtered.

"It's not that. The spell that brought me here has run its course. I can't stay in this realm any longer," Jacques explained.

“Surely you can stay a little longer,” Zeke pleaded with the large, black cloud that had formed near him, but even as he said it, he could see Jacques’s smoky form steadily dissipate. Soon there was nothing left of the black cloud. It was as if Jacques had never been there... except for the fact that Zeke was still a colossal, twin-cocked wall of brawn!

Zeke was so stunned by the sudden parting that he forgot that Drake was still hip-deep in his dick... that was until the feeling of his pal squirming got Zeke’s attention.

“What gives?” Drake called up to his titanic pal after pulling himself out from his pal’s cock where he had been left stuck halfway.

“S-sorry. It’s Jacques. He’s gone!” Zeke explained.

“Gone? Where did he go?” Drake asked.

“I don’t know. Home as far as I can tell,” Zeke explained.

“Well, he was a dick anyway. We don’t need him to have some fun,” Drake replied.

“What do you mean?” Zeke asked.

“God, you’re such a weenie. You’ve got two dicks and don’t even know how to use one,” Drake groaned. “Fine, fine. Just do what I tell you. I got something I want to try.”

“Oh... ok...” Zeke replied.

“Great. Now push your two cocks together,” Drake instructed.

“Huh? Like this?” Zeke asked as he pushed his two dicks together as instructed.

“Perfect. Now hold them like that. I’m coming up,” Drake said. With that Drake jumped as high as he could and latched onto the supple skin of one of Zeke’s puffy cock head. He quickly clambered up on top of Zeke’s two dicks and threw himself onto the space between Zeke’s cocks. Drake was soon staring down the space where the sides of Zeke’s two spongy cock heads mashed together.

“What are you doing?” Zeke asked.

“Dude. Shut up for like five seconds and I’ll show you,” Drake replied as he got into position. Soon he was straddling the crevasse where Zeke’s two cocks met. He had a knee on each dick and his own cock lined up with the space where both the soft cock heads of Zeke’s twin dicks met, and then he took the plunge. Drake’s dick dug into the tight gap between the two cock heads. The soft, spongy flesh buckled just enough to allow his cock to slide into it. Drake was amazed not just at how good it felt to have his cock pinned between two massive cock heads, but also how amazingly hot the whole situation was. In wasn’t just that he was using his pal’s cocks as a makeshift fleshlight. There was also the realization at just how tiny he felt compared to his pal. Drake was literally riding his pal’s cocks like a life raft! He was so small that he could literally slide down his pal’s dick slit. Just

thinking about how he had been balls deep in his pal's cock mere moments before got Drake even hornier. He couldn't wait to relive that experience – only this time he wanted to go all the way!

As much as Drake enjoyed plunging his dick into the soft flesh between Zeke's cocks, it wasn't quite enough for him. The memory of what it was like being partially inside his pal's cock was still fresh in his memory, and the desire to relive that experience was growing with each passing thrust. Eventually, Drake stopping humping his pal's cocks and turned back to face his titanic pal.

“What's up?” Zeke asked.

“I think you know what's up,” Drake replied cryptically. Zeke didn't know what to say, but Drake didn't let that stop him. He hopped up from his perch atop Zeke's cocks and dropped down onto the pavement below. Drake once again moved into position so that he was staring down the pre-drooling slit of Zeke's cock. He had almost made the trek once before, but now he was determined to go all the way. All that he needed was for Zeke to play along this time.

Zeke could actually feel Drake place his hands against the slit of one of Zeke's massive cocks. Zeke couldn't believe that Drake was actually going through with this. Zeke was even more surprised that Zeke himself wanted it to happen! Just the feeling of Drake's arms wriggling around inside of his cock was driving him wild. He couldn't even fathom what it would be like to have his buddy's whole body in there.

Zeke's hand trembled as he moved it into position. He couldn't believe he was actually considering this, but Drake was so gung-ho about it, it would be a shame to pass up such a perfect opportunity. Zeke placed his fingertips against Drake's back just as Jacques had done mere moments before and started to gently push his little buddy steadily deeper and deeper into his cock. Soon Drake was midriff deep in his dick and still sliding in farther and farther. It wasn't long before Drake was as deep as he had been before. Zeke could feel Drake's rock-hard cock pressing against the slit of his own dick. All that remained was the final plunge. Zeke re-steeled his resolve and pressed his fingers against Drake's exposed ass and shoved. He felt Drake slide even farther into his cock until only his feet remained, and then those went in too. Zeke's whole body trembled with ecstasy at the realization of what had happened. His cocks gave a lurch of joy. This was the most amazingly hot thing that had ever happened to him, and that was counting watching his body grow into the behemoth of brawn it had become. Zeke was so hot and bothered that he couldn't keep his hands off his cocks, but he didn't dare do too much with the dick that had an occupant in it currently. Instead Zeke gently stroked the cock his pal was in with two hands and wrapped two hands around his other massive cock and lifted it to his lips.

While Zeke fervently stroked his massive cock and suckled on the tip, Drake was sliding deeper and deeper down Zeke's other cock. Drake was in heaven. Every inch of his body was surrounded by his buddy's

cock. Pre soaked his entire body. He could feel it in his hair and on his skin. The warmth and the pressure closing around him felt so soothing. It was like he was receiving a full body massage from his friend's colossal cock. Drake was so hot and bothered by his situation that he couldn't help but grind his cock against the inner lining of his friend's dick. Drake soon found himself fervently humping the insides of Zeke's cock. It wasn't long before the combination of the overwhelming eroticism of the whole situation coupled with the sensation of Drake's own cock rubbing against the warm, slick surface of Zeke's inner walls drove Drake over the edge. He came thick ropes of spunk, but his loads – which felt huge for him – were quickly drowned out by the constant flow of pre which washed over him.

Zeke too was nearing his limits. The more he stroked his cocks the more sensitive they became, and the feeling of Drake wriggling around inside of his cock was driving him wild. He was so horny that his arousal was clouding his mind and overpowering his rational thought. All he could think about was how great everything felt and how much he wanted to cum.

Soon Zeke reached his limit, but he wasn't quite done with Drake just yet. He had an idea cross his mind – an idea that was so strange it seemed like something Jacques would have come up with, and yet Zeke could not deny there was something super hot about it. Zeke shifted his two cocks so that he went from suckling the tip of one to suckling the tip of his other massive, pre-oozing cock. It wasn't long after

that that the dam finally broke and Zeke lost the battle with his own libido. His four, enormous nuts pulled inward. His two massive cocks bucked and lurched. Thick ropes of spunk erupted from his cocks. One cock was left to fly free, spraying jizz all over his nearby house which he now dwarfed, but the jizz from his other cock fired directly into his open mouth.

Zeke could feel the warm, thick spunk flowing into his mouth and washing across his tongue, but there was something else there too. Amidst the flood of cum, he could feel the small form of his best pal landing atop his tongue. Zeke took a moment to savor the feeling of his tiny pal resting atop his tongue. It served to remind Zeke of just how massive he had become and how tiny Drake was by comparison, but as much as he enjoyed the sensation, his curiosity and concern for his friend steadily took control over his desires. He reached a hand up to his mouth and let Drake slide off his tongue and onto his outstretched palm.

Zeke glanced down at his palm and watched his tiny, dripping pal lying there. "You ok?" Zeke asked, but he could already tell that Drake was more than ok.

"That was amazing!" Drake called back.

"Yeah... it was a hell of a thing..." Zeke replied.

"Think we can do that again?" Drake asked.

"Seeing as I think I'm stuck like this, I'd say we can do it whenever you want," Zeke explained.

“You mean stuck like this unless you summon your new friend again,” Drake added.

Zeke was stunned by the suggestion. Summon Jacques again? What would he even do that for? It's not like he wanted to get even bigger... did he?